

# The Circular.

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THE SPIRIT OF HEAVEN.

[Home-Talk by J. H. N., March 4, 1858.]

THE true idea of the Second Coming, agreeing with the expectations of the Primitive Church during the time of preparation, is, that it was the beginning of *entire communism*. Previous to that event, the believers were in circumstances more or less conformed to the world, living apart, separated from each other and from their brethren in Hades. But they had a little foretaste on the day of Pentecost of the spirit of heaven. The rushing, mighty influence that came upon them then, foretold the nature of the Second Coming; and the communism that resulted was only a sample of the unobstructed working of the spirit of heaven. They knew from that experience, and they knew from the nature of Christ, and from the whole doctrine and argument of the gospel, that whenever all obstructions were removed, the children of God would flow into perfect unity with God and with each other, and entire communism would take place. They had it set before them as that which they were to prepare for during the forty years of transition. They were in just the situation that a company of disciples with our principles would be, who, living in ordinary circumstances, were contemplating association and making preparation for it.

The Second Coming was predicted as a great gathering. Paul said to the Thessalonians, "We beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind," &c. Christ in Matthew 24, said, "He shall send his angels and gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." The great transactions of the Second Coming were of the nature of a grand re-union. In the first place, Christ, who had been absent from his disciples, came again; and at the same time those who had been separated by death were re-united; all the mem-

bers of Christ came into each other's presence; it was a gathering of all the material that was prepared in this world and Hades. They were called by the voice of God, and gathered together in one great Association. Christ had first gone on to the ground he intended to occupy, and had built a house; and then he sent out his servants and brought in all who were ready for organization into his family.

Communism with God and with each other, is the most comprehensive idea we can get of what took place at the Second Coming. So that the beginning we have made in gathering ourselves together on the basis of entire communism, is the budding forth of the Second Coming dispensation and gospel in this world. And if we are to see communism going forth conquering and to conquer, it will be by our apprehending and confessing Christ and the Primitive Church in the state that is past the Second Coming. In any state antecedent to the Second Coming, our system of communism is premature. But as connecting ourselves with the Primitive Church, and those who are in that kingdom where entire communism is commenced, our system is just the evolution of the heavenly organization on earth.

Entire communism, understanding by that communism first with God, and then with one another, is a principle that is sufficient for entire salvation; salvation for society, and for individuals. It is the constitution of the new heavens and the new earth. I believe that entire communism, accepted in the heart, and familiarized to all our senses, will cure sensuality in all its forms. That is to say, it will destroy the flesh, and make an end of egotism. Let it be understood that this is the principle and basis that our hearts and lives are to be founded on—that they are to be yielded up, as fast as they can be, to the spirit of entire communism—and it will kindle a fire in the flesh that will burn it as chaff. I am not at all afraid of this principle, lest it should bring laziness, sensuality, and self-seeking. I am perfectly satisfied, from the nature of things, that it will cure these evils; and nothing else under heaven will.

The extension of the system of communism commenced at the Second Coming, was distinctly promised. In the "dispensation of the fullness of times," there is to be another great gathering. Then shall be "gathered together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth." That will be communism of heaven and earth.

The commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," is communism in the form of law. The spirit of that law was in Jesus Christ, manifested in his whole life; manifested in the spirit which came from him on the day of Pentecost, and as far as it could be, in the whole course of the Primitive Church; and finally it was manifested at the Second Coming, in the transactions by which he gained his object of having an association, and forming a society on his own principles. Up to that time, he had patiently submitted to let the institutions of selfishness ride over his chosen ones; but then he rose in his wrath and delivered them. The account in the sixth of Revelation shows that it required a mighty will to carry out his purpose. The kings of the earth, and the great men, had to call on the rocks to fall on them and hide them from his face. He was not angry with them in a malicious way, but it was the wrath of love; it was his anger at the obstructions to communism; he had to let loose destruction to clear a space for carrying out his project of Association.

INSPIRATION AND INSTINCT.

FAMILY TALK, W. C., OCT. 4, 1869.

N.—Appletons' Journal\* propounds a true philosophy in regard to obedience to the laws of nature, as far as it goes. Every thing, undoubtedly, in regard to our prosperity and escape from accidents and evil, depends on our thoughts being true and in unison with facts around us. There is no doubt about that; but then the question is, How shall we get that conformity of our thoughts to facts? Well, there is no school on earth that can bring it to pass. All the professors and teachers in the universe cannot bring that to pass. The way our minds will come into unison with facts so as to enable us to escape from evil, will be by our yielding them to God. He can give us good luck to any extent, by his inspiration working in our minds, and bringing us into lucky combinations with the facts around us. It is not necessary to trouble ourselves about miracles, or about God's interfering with the laws of nature. All we want is a lucky state of mind, and that we can get in no other way than by inspiration. No matter how wise a person is, there is no possibility of wisdom that will deliver him from accidents. For instance, so far as human wisdom is concerned, there is no certainty but what there will be an earthquake to-night that will destroy this building and every one of us in it; what can you do with your thoughts

\* Referring to "Lessons of the Avondale calamity" in the last number.

and your prudence and all your studies, to prevent such an accident as that? I say that the God I serve can make my thoughts accommodate themselves to whatever impends, and save me from any calamity. If I cannot feel safe from such accidents as that, which are beyond human wisdom to foresee, I must live in dread all my days.

C.—I believe that through faith in God we shall have inspired instincts in any emergency to do something that will put us just where we ought to be.

G.—Instinct is one of the natural laws that prevail.

N.—Yes, that is a natural law exactly as much as gravitation is.

G.—I should like to know what natural law it was that located the Oneida Community where it is "catching porridge at every shower," as — says.

N.—It was just as truly an instinct with me, as it is in the birds to build their nests. I had a clear feeling that amounted to the same thing as sight, when I went to the Genoa and Lairdsville Conventions, to point out Mr. Burt's place as the spot for the Community that our western friends were proposing to start. I did not think then that I should ever live there myself, but pointed it out to the Conventions. There I saw was the place.

G.—You saw the man and the "saw-mill."

N.—We must begin with small things, but God invites us to cultivate these instincts; and we can do it by intercourse with him. He invites us to pay attention to them, and be obedient to them, and refer our conduct, character, and destiny to them; and then we shall lead a miraculous life—be moving among miracles all the time, and get into perfect harmony with natural laws, because our minds will grow into such union with them that they will be constant music to us. We cannot rush into this state; but it is something that has been growing with me ever since 1831. I grow every year in a clear perception of these instincts, and in obedience to them; and, consequently, in good luck, and in being surrounded with God's providences. This experience, increasing day by day, and year by year, is working all fear out of me. It will end in making me fearless of any evil whatever, in this world or in the other. As Paul says, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;" which love gives us good luck wherever it meets us. That was the beginning of my religion. The first experience I had was the discovery of God working in my mind by inspiration, and so making me walk in harmony with facts around me. I believe that is the foundation of all religion. That was Abraham's religion, and the religion of all who had faith in the beginning. It was perfected in Christ; he was the first in whom it went through to a complete victory over fear, sin, and death. It is the religion of the world, as far as there is any true religion in it. It grew in the world certainly from the time of Abraham to the time of the Primitive Church; and it is growing in the world now. The millennium will come when that religion obtains complete posses-

sion of mankind, so that they know that God is in them and walking with them; and have the good luck that goes with his spirit. *That is heaven on earth.*

#### MY FIRST CONFESSION OF CHRIST.

THE winter of 1833 and '34 was the culminating period of the great revival of that time. Luther Myrick had become its champion in Oneida, Madison, and adjacent counties. In many respects he had gone beyond Finney in exposing the inconsistencies of the churches. He had taken strong ground against the prevailing idea that the seventh chapter of Romans is a description of Christian experience. He had also taken the ground that the attainment of holiness in the present life is the duty of all persons, and that they must attain it or be damned! He did not, however, personally confess holiness, but would challenge folks to convince him of sin.

It was during the winter above mentioned, that in connection with David Warren he held the celebrated protracted meeting in the village of Chittenango—a meeting of sixteen days' continuance. During this meeting I became loosened from my moorings in New England orthodoxy.

From my earliest childhood I had been educated in the doctrines of Calvinism. At the age of nineteen I experienced what I then considered a change of heart, and united myself with the Congregational church in the town of Hadley, Mass. At the age of twenty-two I withdrew from the church of Hadley and joined the Dutch Reformed church of Chittenango, N. Y. In 1831, a little more than two years after my union with that church, I was chosen one of its deacons. It was much against the wishes of my brother officers in the church, particularly of our pastor, Dr. Yates, that I attended the protracted meeting. After once going, however, I became so much attracted by the earnestness of the preachers that I could not be persuaded to stop. Great power went with them, and between one and two hundred converts were the fruits of their labors. At the close of the meetings I was pretty thoroughly converted to new-measure doctrines. I did not however withdraw from my connection with the Dutch Reformed church.

Soon after this I began to hear strange stories about a people living in Delphi, called Perfectionists. Mr. Wm. Perry, an active advocate of the new-measure doctrines, and a brother to whom I had become much attached, came into communication with them, and embraced their faith. Soon after, David Warren, Myrick's associate, while on a visit at Chittenango, came out with the testimony of full salvation from sin; saying that he had never known what true Christian experience was before. Several more members of that church followed his example. In the mean time I had become quite zealous in opposing what I considered a dangerous error. I began anew, and in an earnest way, to study the Bible, that I might know how to defend its truths, and battle with error. I was struggling for holiness, but had no higher conception of it than that of obedience to law. I believed the Perfectionists were in a fatal delusion, because they had re-

nounced all works, and had become inactive; a course directly opposed to what I considered essential to a life of holiness. As the summer advanced, my zeal in studying the Bible and in opposing Perfectionists increased. The New Testament became my pocket companion, and all the leisure moments that I could spare from the hours of work were spent in studying it.

In the fall of 1834, Chauncey Dutton, a young man who had been a theological student at New Haven, came from there to Chittenango and made an appointment to preach in the Methodist church, on the subject of perfect holiness. I was induced, by an invitation from Mr. Perry, to go and hear him. The theme of his discourse was, "Christ a present and everlasting Savior from sin." His manner was very pleasing, and his subject was made clear by forcible illustrations. The views presented by him were new to me. During his discourse, I was in a measure convicted of its truth, but not sufficiently so to cause me to surrender. I saw that if I accepted the truth he presented it would completely undermine all my new views acquired through Myrick's preaching, to which I had become so firmly attached that it was difficult to give them up without a severe struggle. After the meeting was over I followed the preacher (accompanied by Mr. Perry and W. S. Hatch) to his room with the purpose of giving battle. An important point with me was that if I acknowledged his views I should be compelled to confess that I was not a Christian. This I was unwilling to do. The contest of spirit and of argument lasted until about midnight.

In the course of the controversy I objected strongly to the idea of giving up my free agency, and becoming a mere machine. I acknowledged, however, that Christ would keep me from committing sin as long as I trusted him fully. "But," asked Dutton, "What is the damning sin of the world?" "It is unbelief," I answered. "And," said he, "if you are saved from this damning sin which is the source of all other sins, can you again become an unbeliever? will not this be an effectual security against future sin?" The conclusion was logical, and I found myself driven by it into a corner out of which it was difficult to extricate myself. After a little pause, Mr. Hatch dropped upon his knees and began to pray for me. As he closed, I attempted to follow him in prayer. A prominent thought with me was to refute the idea that I was not a Christian, by convincing the company that I could pray as well as themselves. But all freedom of utterance was taken from me. The only words I uttered were—"Lord, if this is truth I want to know it." These words commenced and ended my prayer. The following half hour was spent by me in silently walking the room; no word was uttered by any one. It was a half hour of great conflict with me. My perception of Christ as a present, perfect, and everlasting Savior from sin, became clear and convincing. I realized that to renounce my own works, and confess this truth, would give life and salvation. I also saw that such a confession would bring discord into my family, and ruin my reputation in the church, and in the world. For the time I seemed as if balancing between heaven and the world, and called upon

to decide which I would choose. When the decision came I spoke out, saying, "It is the truth, and I will accept it, let the consequences be what they may." This confession broke the spell of unbelief, and a spirit of calmness and rest came over me. Some congratulations and rejoicing followed, and when I retired it was long past midnight.

The following morning while my wife was getting breakfast, as I sat by the stove with my little boy Abram on my knee, I sung to myself and him, in a low tone of voice, the lines:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

I had often hummed these words before in a similar manner. There may have been a different tone to my feelings, which Mrs. B. noticed; at all events she burst into tears, saying, "You have learned that of the Perfectionists." For my own part I felt very happy, and at peace with everybody. My purpose was formed to confess Christ as my Savior, both in my family and in public as I had opportunity. I did so in this instance to my wife. I told her I had committed my case into the hands of Christ, and I believed he would keep me from all sin. As I went out that morning to my usual business, I found the story widely circulated that I had become a Perfectionist. I met many of my former religious associates, who seemed to be in much sorrow and anxiety about me. I told them all that they need not grieve on my account—that I had committed myself into the hands of Christ as my Savior, and that I felt assured he would keep me from all sin. This had, indeed, become the center of all my thoughts. Everything else seemed to be gone but the one idea that Christ was my Savior. With this all-pervading thought and feeling, I seemed like a little child securely enclosed in the arms of its mother. I felt no desire to defend myself when assailed. I had a feeling of security from all harm, either from men or devils.

Mr Dutton continued in the place for several days, and visited at my house a number of times during his stay. One day he gave me a number of *The Perfectionist*, then published in New Haven. It was the number containing the article on the Second Coming of Christ, written by J. H. N.

The shop where I worked was somewhat over a mile from my house, so that I usually carried my dinner with me when I went to work. It was the third day after my confession of Christ that I received the paper from Mr. Dutton. I took it with me that morning to the shop, and before eating my dinner took time to read the article on the Second Coming of Christ. It was new to me, but I drank it in as truth, every word of it. Whilst eating my dinner, and meditating upon what I had been reading, light seemed to flash through every part of my system. The sensation was invigorating and life-giving, and was felt in every extremity of my body. It filled me with love and joy unspeakable. Immediately following, there was a sensation as though a voice spoke within me, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." For

the moment the room in which I was sitting seemed to be illumined, and I felt as if translated into the immediate presence of Christ and the heavenly church. The harmony of their music seemed to vibrate through my system. My happiness was complete, and in a low voice I said to myself, the Lord has come indeed with ten thousand of the angels. During these exercises Mrs. B. was presented to me in a manner to impress me with the conviction that she would become a companion in the truth. I had a persuasion that a change had already come over her.

When I went home that night, she met me at the door, and very pleasantly said, that she had come to the decision not to oppose me any more. One of our neighboring women, who had quite recently embraced the doctrine of holiness, had made her a friendly visit that afternoon, the result of which was this change in her feelings toward me. I ever after believed that the spiritual exercises described above were an indication from the Lord that Mrs. B. would sometime become a convert to the truth; and, though my faith in the matter was afterwards put to some severe tests, it was in the end fully justified.

JONATHAN BURT.

#### SINCERITY.

"**B**E sincere!" This implies faith, for sincerity demands reality for its basis: and faith alone opens to us the world of reality. It is purely the reign of truth in the spirit. Its action dissolves like a charm the dark and dreamy curtains that sometimes gather about the mind and shut out the light. It implies simplicity, and a single eye. This quality of sincerity, and its effect, are finely indicated by Christ's illustration: "The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness."

There is infinite beauty in sincerity; it is the fruit and exact measure of our fellowship with God. It is the victory of life and light in the heart. It brings us back to that great simplicity which is true in perception and almighty in strength. It extricates the soul from laboring confusions and uncertainties, and makes a simple problem of life. In getting sincerity, we have to bore through the crust of superficial feelings, down into the eternal presence; and there everything is plain. Our nature spontaneously resolves itself into two simple modes of action, love and hate—attraction and repulsion; and these two emotions, as they comprehend all our duty, also take into them the intensity of our whole life. Love of good, hatred of evil. Indifference, insincerity, are no longer possible in us; but on the contrary, our passions become positively valuable in proportion to their strength, when organized into this central, simple law of the renewed life. Let us count no sacrifice too great, no discipline too severe, which God can employ to perfect sincerity in us. It is as Carlyle says, the secret and essence of all heroism. Any man who will be truly sincere, will be original, interesting, and actually heroic. Of such it is true, that "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

#### PILLAR-SAINSTS.

##### II.

##### ST. DANIEL STYLITES.

Daniel was a native of the town of Maratha near Samosata. At twelve years of age he retired into a monastery, and was remarkable for the astonishing fervor with which he embraced "all means for attaining perfection" (as the monkish historians word it). After he had been in the monastery some time he went to see St. Simeon on his pillar, and was blessed by the saint, who foretold that he would "suffer much for Jesus Christ." This visit seems to have given Daniel an impulse that controlled the whole of his remaining life; for not long after he went and lived some weeks in the monastery near St. Simeon's pillar. Then for many years he lived in an abandoned temple near a city in Asia Minor. After St. Simeon's death, A. D. 459, he obtained the cowl of the saint, and resolved to imitate his manner of life. The spot chosen by St. Daniel for his abode, was among the desert mountains of the Euxine sea, four miles by water, and seven by land, from Constantinople. A friend erected him a pillar, which consisted of two pillars fastened together by iron bars; on these a lesser pillar was placed, on which was fixed by other friends a kind of vessel something like a half-barrel, in which the saint abode, encompassed by a balustrade. The country of Thrace where he lived was subject to high winds and very severe frosts, so his penance was called more surprising than that of St Simeon.

The lord of the ground occupied by St. Daniel built him a second pillar, about the year 463, higher and stronger than the first. When the saint took his rest, he supported himself against the balustrade of the pillars; but by continual standing, his legs and feet were swollen, and full of ulcers and sores. One winter he was found so stiff with cold, that his disciples, having soaked some sponges in warm water, ascended the column and rubbed him with them to bring him to life.

While living on his pillar, St. Daniel was ordained priest by a bishop of Constantinople, who, after having read the preparatory prayer at the foot of the pillar, went up to the top to finish the rest of the ceremony. St. Daniel is said to have foretold many important events, and by his prayers obtained a son for Leo I, emperor of the East. The latter, out of gratitude, built a monastery near the saint's pillar for his disciples. Gubas, king of the Lazi in Colchis, coming to renew his alliance with the Romans, the emperor carried him to see St. Daniel, as the wonder of the empire. The barbarian monarch prostrated himself before the pillar of the saint; and to show his veneration, caused a third pillar to be built for him, adjoining the others in such a manner that the middle pillar was the lowest, so that the saint might retire upon it for shelter in violent, stormy weather. The saint also allowed the emperor Leo to cause a roof to be made over the standing place on the top of his pillar. The saint at this time cured many sick, whom he caused to come up to the top of his pillar; and performed many such miracles. By and by he was called upon to use his sacred influence in more secular affairs.

The emperor Leo II, dying A. D. 494, was succeeded by his son-in-law Zeno. The throne, however, was shortly usurped by Basiliscus, brother-in-law of the late emperor. This Basiliscus openly protected the heretical party in the church, and among other un-Catholic edicts, ordained that the acts of the Council of Chalcedon should be everywhere anathematized and burnt. The horrified patriarch of Constantinople refused, and sent word to St. Daniel Stylites of what the emperor had done. On his side, the emperor sent to the saint complaining that the patriarch was trying to raise a rebellion in the city against him. But St. Daniel was "true to the church," and used such vehement reproaches to the emperor's messengers, that they durst not report them.

Finally, at the most urgent request of the patriarch and bishop of Constantinople that the saint should assert his personal influence, he descended from his pillar, and was received by the multitude

with "incredible joy." His entrance into Constantinople "caused such an uproar," that the affrighted Basiliscus fled from the city into a neighboring town. There the saint followed him, though not "being able to walk from the sores on his legs and feet," he had to be carried. The emperor's guards refused to admit him to the royal presence, and the saint thereupon "shook off the dust from his feet," and returned to the city. At this, the terrified "upstart" went himself to the saint, threw himself at the sacred feet, begging pardon, and promising to annul his former edicts. Not long after [A. D. 477] the emperor Zeno was restored, as St. Daniel had foretold. One of the first acts of the emperor after his restoration, was to pay a visit to the saint.

St. Daniel died on his pillar when fourscore years old, Dec. 11, A. D. 494.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1869.

### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The effect of courageous testimony was illustrated in the case of the writer of the following note addressed to our family meeting. He was prostrate with what threatened to be a tedious fever, but this faith-assertion put him into convalescence at once:

"I confess my faith in the power of Christ to heal the body; every part of it. I believe that disease is sin; that it roots back where criticism and faith can be applied to destroy it. I believe that that part of us which is diseased is of the devil, and we must resist him. I believe the Spirit of Christ is in me a fountain of eternal life, and that 'man shall not live by bread alone but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' I confess Christ my Savior from disease." T.

—The following recent notes from a private portfolio further illustrate the faith-pathy of the Community:

"DEAR M.—I have wanted to tell you for more than a week how happy and well I feel. It seems almost a miracle to me. You know I was sick a fortnight ago. I felt so bad for two or three days that I could hardly sit up. One evening I forced myself to the meeting, thinking every minute while there that I must go out and go to bed, for I could not sit up; yet something held me there. The conversation turned upon health—How to get it? I soon wished to say something, thinking it might relieve me. But it seemed impossible. It never cost me such a struggle to confess Christ before. But just as meeting closed I found courage to say what I had so wished to. The effect was magical. I have felt like a different girl ever since, so strong and well. Nor is this all; this experience has led to spiritual victories. It has given me a new and practical faith in God. These two weeks of peace and happiness seem like a gift from him in response to faith. If the criticism and suffering I have been through this summer have been the means of bringing to me this new faith and trust in God (as I think they have), I thank him with my whole heart, and say that he has dealt kindly with me." E.

"Is n't it a blessed thing that we can trust God? There is hardly a day but that I have occasion to say to myself, 'I will trust God any way; he will care for me.' How thankful I am that I am brought up to *know* and *feel* that there is a God, and that he is constantly caring for us. There was a time last spring when I was sick, that for two or three days I felt very bad, discouraged and unbelieving. I looked at the dark side of things till I could see nothing bright or hopeful in my case. Finally, one afternoon it seemed to me I could stand it no longer, I must have relief. I was alone in my room, and I said aloud with considerable emphasis, 'I will trust God, let come what will. He is dealing with me, why should I worry. He does not let anything happen to me but what is *just right*. I can and will trust him.' I never shall forget the rush of thankfulness and love

that came upon me after that. I could see God's goodness in all my experience, and my heart was melted. It seemed to me that if the most unlucky thing in the world should happen to me, I could still trust God that he would conduct me safely through. I felt so happy, that several times in the course of the evening I said to myself, 'I love to trust God better than anything else in the world.' I began to get better right away. Since then I have always found my way out of trouble and discouragement by firmly and in faith sticking to the motto, 'I will trust God!'" C.

*The Vintage.*—The grapes just harvested at O. C., were late in ripening, moderate in amount, and superlative in quality. For nearly a month the family fed on them with unflagging zest. After they came, pears wasted away with envy and slow consumption. The excellence of our grapes has been attributed to the health of the vines and lightness of the crop. The entire yield amounted to some over two and a half tons; last year it was five tons. This falling off was partly owing to our efforts to prevent the vines from over-loading, and partly to some rash pruning the year before. About one half the yards were thus pruned; they consequently yielded but very little. The Midland also encroached somewhat. About two tons of these grapes were consumed at home. The balance—mostly Delaware—were packed in dainty one-pound boxes and consigned to Messrs. Hiland, Smith and Co., Boston, and brought from eighteen to thirty cents a pound, with compliments. On the first of September, there was hardly a grape that had begun to color—they should have been half ripe; and many were not full grown. The farmers were everywhere despairing of corn. So it struck us one day, that it was very proper to despair of grapes too; we did so with such enthusiasm as we could. Great blue Concords, little red Delawares, ruby Ionas, and Hartford Profiliacs, black and velvety, were all put out of mind. Then came on that wonderful, sunny, golden September. But no one thought much on grapes. We were comforting ourselves with apples, and staying ourselves with Bartletts, yellow as butter, and red as blushes. A few Adirondacks came on the 16th—quite unexpectedly, though; and soon after, baskets of Delawares for supper. Every body was surprised. Then more baskets full. Then harmless frosts, and more ripe clusters. Frosts again, and more hot sunshine and grapes. Finally, on the 13th of October, everything is quite ripe and snatched from the frost, which seemed near but has not yet come.

—What more vividly connects the present with the past than an old-fashioned husking; bringing back memories of rustic boys and girls ranged gleefully around a huge pile of corn on the barn floor, between fragrant mows of hay, with accompaniments of apples and cider, pumpkin pies, &c.? A similar scene might have been witnessed yesterday in the great barn of the O. C., where a hundred of both sexes and all ages gathered for a husking bee. One curious thing about it wherein it differed essentially from huskings of old, was, that the party were intent on getting the *husks*, with comparatively little interest in the corn. Unlike our fathers and grandfathers, we do not keep geese, and, with few exceptions, do not sleep on feathers. But there is a natural connection between geese and corn, and an easy transition from one to the other; so we now obtain our feathers (or their substitute), from the corn-fields. In other words, the corn-field is our goose, and besides laying golden eggs (ears), supplies us with beautiful, soft and fragrant feathers for our beds. Hence a bee for plucking our goose: a patient, passive creature, quite in contrast with the fierce birds I remember to have seen my mother pluck in my boyhood, which required an old stocking or bag drawn over their heads, to shut their mouths and keep them in subjection. The farmers had an eye to the corn, no doubt, and chuckled over their good fortune, as they saw the piles swell under the thousand busy fingers intent on bed supplies. The occasion inspired song; and solos, duets and rounds followed each other in quick succession, causing an unwonted vibration among the cob-webbed beams and rafters.

—The "autumnal tints" give promise of being very fine, and the splendors are already appearing in the valleys and on the hill-sides. From our west windows a fine panoramic view is presented, as the eye sweeps over the intervening valley, with its vineyards and orchards, to the hills beyond; and what with all the varied colors, shading off from brilliant scarlet to russet brown, that autumn throws into the picture, the artistic charm is irresistible, and nature stands out as an artist without a rival.

—Mr. Thacker, on exhibiting three large, fine-looking pears to-day, was asked to weigh them. The three being put on the scales together, gave an aggregate weight of two lbs. eleven oz. The two largest weighed fourteen and five-eighths oz. each. Variety, Duchesse d'Angouleme, grown on a "dwarf" tree.

—On the 11th and 12th, we packed and consigned to Warner & Co., commission merchants of New York, eight barrels of Duchesse d'Angouleme pears. They have since been sold by that firm at the following prices: No. 1 brought thirty dollars per bbl.; No. 2 fifteen, and No. 3 ten dollars. Pretty good prices considering the abundance of this kind of fruit raised this year.

*STOVES AGAIN.*—Charles B., laughing over the story of the man "putting up a stove" in the last paper, related a bit of his experience in the same line as follows: "I was appointed to set up a stove in our recitation-room. My first leisure afternoon I consulted Mr. C., our stove manager, and was directed to the stove room where I could select the one I liked best. I chose a magnificent base-burner. It was a big one, so I engaged one of our stout laborers to help me carry it to the room. We tugged and toiled and at last got it up two flights of stairs, through sundry narrow passages and around four sharp corners, without any more than the usual amount of jams and pinches. We deposited it safely on its own proper legs by the chimney. Then the pipe was found and adjusted nicely, and I paused to take a more minute survey of my prize. I saw at a glance that it needed new pieces of isinglass. I rushed down to the store and bought some isinglass, and then ran off to find Mr. A., our tin-man. After running back and forth half a dozen times, I got my isinglass cut and fitted to the stove. What next? The stove must be blacked. I was not an expert at the business, but after carefully spreading down newspapers to protect the newly-painted floor, at it I went, brush in each hand. After about two hours of vigorous exercise—beating dumb-bells I must say—I pronounced it tip-top—you could see your face in it! Now for a fire. The afternoon, to be sure, was used up, but a nice cosy fire would be so pleasant in the evening. I took off the cover and threw in my shavings. I just looked in to see that all was right, and stood aghast! Why, the old thing's cylinder is all burnt out! you might as well build a fire in a stove-pipe! What was to be done? Off I rushed for Mr. A. again. He came, looked it all over, and decided that it was beyond his power to cure; I must send four miles to the village for a professed stove man to come and make repairs. I felt chop-fallen enough, after all my afternoon's work. But nothing else could be done, so in the morning I sent a request to the stove dealer in the village to send up a man to fix the stove. I received for answer that it was Fair-day, and all his men were gone. Patience, patience, muttered I, and sent next morning the same request. This was the second day of the Fair. The answer came as before, that all his men were gone to the Fair. This was exasperating. The next day was Sunday, and of course nothing could be done. But Monday morning bright and early I was on hand for my expected man. No man came. Tuesday morning ditto. Finally, Tuesday noon the professional man came. He went at the stove in business-like fashion, examined it, and then deliberately took it apart, laying the nine pieces on the floor, each with its little sprinkling of soot around it. I waited his decision with impatience. It was this: the burnt cylinder could not be replaced at his shop. He must send to Albany for one! Imagine my disgust. Choking it down, however, I asked him to write the necessary

order to Albany. This was Tuesday; memorable day. The great flood, the greatest they say since the day of Noah, was then at its height. Bridges and railroads were whirling off to the ocean. Albany indeed! Whether the order ever got to Albany, or whether it will be filled I know not. This is the sixteenth day since I began to set up my base-burner, and there it yet lies in nine pieces on the floor. Hurrah for steam, say I, or for anything that will put an end to this everlasting bother of stoves!"

—At a time when there is so much clamor about "rights," we do not feel at liberty to turn a deaf ear to the following pathetic appeal, and therefore give it voice, bespeaking for it a respectful consideration:

#### A PUMPKIN RIGHTS CONVENTION.

While tossing on a bed of pain,  
A vision queer beset my brain  
Of pumpkin pies.

On cellar shelves ranged in their places,  
The pumpkins sat with woeful faces  
And tearful eyes.

At length one bigger than the rest,  
With blundering voice his mind expressed  
In tones of grief.

"As you're the kitchen man, pray tell  
How long in prison we must dwell  
Without relief.

Such pumpkins we! so highly gifted!  
We hoped we'd soon be stewed and sifted  
When first we came.

'Some pumpkins' fit, we then should be,  
To join this great Community  
Of wondrous fame.

'Stew'dents of 'sieve'ilization,  
A glorious destiny's begun,  
We fondly dreamed.

From shape of humble pumpkin pies,  
To human form divine to rise,  
How grand it seemed!

But in this dungeon dim and cold,  
In deadly fear of rats and mould,  
Our hopes are dead.

Besides, those Hubbard squashes green,  
So small, so rough, so hard, so mean,  
You take instead

Of us, so huge, so round and fair,  
That well we with the sun compare,  
So golden bright.  
Such partial ways will surely break  
Each pumpkin's heart, and no mistake,  
Or make him fight."

"We'll fight! we'll fight! with all our mights  
For freedom and for pumpkin rights,"  
They all declared.

Each pumpkin wriggled in his seat,  
And wished that he the foe might meet;  
He felt prepared.

Spell-bound I lay, and listening, heard  
Them whispering hiss a fearful word  
That chilled my blood.  
That word was death. I thought, as then  
Along the shelves the watchword ran,  
"It bodes no good."

With fell intent to strike me dead,  
The leader tumbled on my head,  
And down I sank.  
Down poured the rest, and quickly hid  
Me 'neath a pumpkin pyramid,  
Dark, cold and dank.

But rousing soon, with wrath I said,  
"Perhaps you pumpkins think I'm dead,  
But 'tis not so.

You see, a fool is he who fights;  
For where would be your pumpkin rights,  
If I were killed."  
One desperate effort, and I broke  
The spell that bound me, and awoke,  
With wonder filled.

#### WILLOW-PLACE.

—W. P. has one old-time institution, in an open fire-place, that is quite enjoyable, with a blazing,

crackling wood fire, these cool autumn evenings. Stoves not being re-instated, the open fire usually gathers a merry group around it, and at such times reminiscences of chimney-corner days forty years ago are sure to come to mind. One of the girls whose life does not date back to the time of brick fire-places, cranes and andirons, in attempting to make a fire was quite at a loss how to place the andirons; and instead of having them stand at right angles with the back of the fire-place, in the good old-fashioned way, placed them parallel with it; and then the puzzle was, how to make the wood lie on them. She had about as much trouble, apparently, as the man with the "base-burner." As one evening a bed of glowing coals lay on the hearth, one suggested that it was a capital chance to roast corn; the idea was received with acclamation, and as some of the sweet corn was still left, it seemed every way practicable. The corn was procured, and the roasting commenced; but faces soon glowed, as well as the coals, and what with burnt fingers and burnt corn, it was a little difficult to tell where the romance came in; however, it was voted good sport.

*Evening Meeting.*—After the reading of the O. C. journal, W. II. W. said: "I like those hints about study. I think it is very important to have a true desire and ambition for improvement; and the way to get that is to be spiritually minded. Whoever has a thirst for the knowledge of God, for the improvement of the heart and spirit, will make progress whether he studies books much or not. The characteristic of a spiritual man is an unquenchable desire for improvement in all directions. A thirst for mere knowledge of books is a very narrow-minded view of improvement. Where there is a true attitude of receptivity, we are getting an education all the time. Our circumstances, our business, our pleasures, and the persons around us, are all means for educating us. Books are only auxiliary to this universal education we are getting in the Community. They are not going to supersede the teaching that we are receiving from God and our circumstances; but the more they help to this end, the better. Books are imperfect, science is imperfect, and they are constantly undergoing modifications and changes.

*O. A. B.*—I have realized lately that the more I study, and the more my mind becomes disciplined, the easier it is for me to turn my heart to God. I am satisfied that God can work better through an enlightened mind, than through ignorance. It seems to me there need be no limit to our ambition. The spirit that makes knowledge subservient to God, will not be limited in its attainments.

*W. II. W.*—I believe the spiritual mind is the only condition in which we can be free from distractions—in that spirit we are free to pursue studies and improvements in all directions.

#### WALLINGFORD.

*Sunday, Oct. 3.*—Rainy in the afternoon. The chestnuts are quite plenty, and this storm brings them out of their burrs.

*Monday, Oct. 4.*—The rain and wind continued through the night, and to-day the water pours down Mount Tom, and there are several fine waterfalls in the path on our lawn. *Afternoon.*—We begin to hear of disasters occasioned by the storm. One comes in and says Mr. M. had a horse carried down the Quinnipiac, and another horse that had been grazing on the meadow at the same time was standing in water up to his knees. Soon after, Mr. Pitt comes in saying that Simpson, Hall, Miller, and Co., manufacturers of Britannia and silver ware, have lost their dam and several of their smaller buildings. A wagon load of our men start off to see the ruins. When they return they report the damage to be greater than they had heard. The flood had carried off the solutions in which they plated silver-ware—also the boiler to their engine; and the water stood several feet high in their machine-shop, and came very near carrying off the main building. A Meriden paper states that this Company "estimate their actual loss at not less than \$50,000: about \$7,000 worth of solution was lost, besides a very large quantity of finished goods ready for plating." The W. C. factory and its appendages are all right, although the water

is so high we have to go round by the road and depot to reach it. We read in the newspapers that the storm a week or two ago, which blew down so many steeples, was called a "steeple chase;" and we thought this might be called a "dam chase," as we hear from all quarters of dams breaking away.

#### GRAPES AT ONEIDA.

**T**HE different varieties of grapes are of very unequal value. We shall therefore report their behavior this year. Our grapes are mostly Delaware, Hartford Prolific, and Concord; with a fair stand of Isabella, Adirondack, and Rogers' Hybrid, Nos. 4, 15, and 19.

*Hartford Prolific.*—Has done its best, hung well. No season is too short for it.

*Isabella.*—Feeble, unhealthy in leaf, fruit not right. Can be excellent and early.

*Iona.*—Ripened only one-fourth of its fruit; inclined to overbear; healthy. Not the thing for this neighborhood.

*Delaware.*—Productive, quite healthy, up to its best flavor. Always ripens when healthy and not overloaded with fruit.

*Concord.*—Healthy, good as ever, remnant of the crop not quite ripe. It is too late for this section about one year in four.

*Creeling.*—Healthy and good-flavored as usual, bunches loose and unfit for market. They are always so.

*Rogers' Hybrid, No. 4.*—Dropped its leaves, fruit consequently imperfect, otherwise promises well, not fully tested.

*Rogers' Hybrid, No. 19.*—Bore well, leaves fell too soon, fruit low-flavored. Would rival the Concord if perfectly sound, for it is a tougher grape and packs better.

*Rogers' Hybrid, No. 15.*—Healthy, light bearer, bunches loose and mean. Has never been fit for market. Those who acquire a taste for its peculiar flavor, think it worthy of cultivation for home use.

We could mention the behavior of some others, but forbear. Although meritorious in some places, they only deserve, we think, to be forgotten at the O. C.

Experience this season has shown us that black grapes—those having some degree of acidity—will please more people, and longer, than the purely sweet ones like the Delaware. It has also shown that high-flavored grapes are dependent on the continuance of the leaf, especially of that leaf which is inserted just opposite the cluster of fruit.

#### ON THE ROAD.

BY AN O. C. AGENT.

**A** WORD as to the class to which I belong. Commercial travelers, in one form or another, have been common heretofore, but never so numerous as now. I write more particularly with regard to this country. Since the late war their name is legion. Railroads and hotels are largely indebted to them for their patronage, particularly the hotels. There is no mistaking a "drummer;" the sample case, bag, or bundle, tells the story. It is nothing uncommon, on entering a store, to find three or four of them ahead of you. In one instance, on opening the door, three bags in a row confronted me—mine made the fourth. In another place, although my call was by nine o'clock in the morning, the merchant told me that only nine of my craft had thus early in the day come and gone: and this in the quiet village of Amsterdam, N. Y. One man told me that he had more calls from "drummers" than from customers. At breakfast in Little Falls, a few mornings since, of the five of us seated, four were traveling agents, and, as nearly as I could judge, we were intending to take the same train. Probably the other two hotels had more than as many besides. I will not speak too assuredly, but from recent estimates my impression is that there are no less than thirty thousand traveling agents in this country at the present time.

The situation of this class, as to morals, is one of temptation and danger. A man may be very capable in driving bargains and effecting sales, and

thereby render himself popular and indispensable to his employers; but on the great scale this is but the smaller part of the thing to be done. He must save his soul *first*, and make money afterwards. The two things are entirely compatible with each other, but only in this order. Reverse them, and the penalty ultimately to be paid will be severe. The first requisite in selling goods is truthfulness; but to maintain this successfully your merchandise must be of good quality. Otherwise the temptation is to misrepresent, and then the conscience becomes demoralized at once. Just here is the lee-shore of trade, where the moral shipwrecks are innumerable. And not only this, but pecuniary disaster generally follows. I have known the agents of a certain house to sell weighted silk for unweighted, at enormous profits, simply because the buyer was ignorant of the facts in the case. But an end finally comes to the repetition of such games; the public learn the truth and the lies are sent to Tophet where they belong. That house is to-day hopelessly insolvent; its very name is suggestive of fraud.

But, in this matter, I am writing to myself quite as much as to the public, and the question comes home to me with no little significance: How can I mingle with and use the world in business, without abusing it, on the one side, or being contaminated by it on the other? This is an important question, but the answer is simple: by a soft heart, and humility toward God and the universe. One of the helps to this, with the traveling men of the O. C., is the faithful criticism of our friends at home.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A FAITH CURE.

[A friend who has suffered much from disease, employing physicians and medicines without getting help, writes concerning her latest experience, thus:]

*Quaker Springs, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1869.*

"I continued to grow weaker and more distressed, and my flesh grew thin daily. Looking at myself one day, I could see nothing before me but a speedy preparation to drop off the mortal casket. I began to criticise my spiritual state, and to inquire if I were ready to welcome such an event without fear. I could say, if it is the will of my heavenly Father I will not complain; my Savior will not leave me alone; I will put my trust in the Lord. While I was meditating, these words of the apostle James came to me—'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' Jesus was nigh me; and I felt as I used to, when, a little girl, I was sent alone at night to drive home the cows. I would be afraid; but my fears would leave me, and the Savior's smiling countenance would comfort me then. And now, after he has been to me the chiefest among ten thousand, shall I be afraid that he will leave me? No; into the hands of God I cast my every care, believing in his readiness to answer prayer. If it were his will that I should stay here a little longer, it would be my choice; and I was constrained to say that if he pleased he could make me well. When I came to look over past mercies and blessings, and the many direct answers to prayer that God had given me, I was filled with thanksgiving and praise. My faith began to lay hold of the promises. I said, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' My countenance had been so ghastly, that to look in the glass would strike a deathly feeling over me; and I not only appeared so to myself, but to others also. No one seemed to think that medicine would restore my wasting strength. But my Savior has. I was perfectly composed, and my distress was gone.

"I had made up my mind before this experience, that I would take no more doctors' medicines to quiet my nerves, but would look to the Lord; and glory be to his name, I am well. And it is Jesus that has made me whole. My flesh was very much wasted; and I have not realized, as some do, an in-

stant restoration of strength. But it is now two weeks since I felt this change, and I have been gaining strength every day since. My heart says it is the life of Christ within me, quickening both soul and body. To Him be all the praise and glory.

M. W."

### THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

*Coylesville, N. J., Oct. 7, 1869.*

EDITORS CIRCULAR:—It would oblige me very much, if you would either by letter or through the CIRCULAR, give me an idea of the sentiment of the Community on the Temperance reform, or rather I should say, the Total Abstinence reform; as to whether it ought not to be the duty of every earnest Christian to be a total abstinence advocate and practitioner? whether or no it is not in the direct line of Christ's own work? Is it not inherently true and right, as truth is truth and right is right? Is it not comprehended in the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"? Is not the Bible for it really, especially in the present state of society, and in the light of all the apostle Paul has said about causing our brother to stumble or fall? Is not the use of liquor, the liquor of the present day especially, wrong, unnecessary, worse than useless, including wines, malt liquors, and alcohol in any shape or condition?

Yours, P. V. P.

[What is our true place in the war against evil? is a proper question, surely. Our sympathies are on the side of temperance; but the manner of fighting the evils of intemperance, as indicated by our correspondent, is not our way. "I fights mit Sigel," said the patriotic dutchman. We think every "earnest Christian" should devote himself to the *primary reform* of faith in Jesus Christ. Large experience and observation has established the fact with us—as scientists would say—that this is the only hopeful foundation for any satisfactory reform. Paul, who evidently understood Christ's method, first sought to establish in the heart reconciliation with God, and newness of life, by preaching Christ; and then advanced to the attack of evil and personal vices in this way: "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." Now this is quite different from putting folks under a rule or law. We cannot now stop to enter into a full comparison of the two systems; and will only add that in this way the Community have gained their entire freedom from bondage to tobacco, tea, coffee and all stimulants.]

### SNARES.

LOOKING over the past, I can see that all along my way, Providence has laid snares for me. That ever and anon, the hidden evils and pet weaknesses of my character have been caught in subtly laid snares from which they found no escape back to darkness, but were brought, perforce, to the light. If I have had any tendency in me to think evil, be discontented, or jealous of the prosperity of others, I have been put into circumstances that aggravated these weaknesses, until I, as well as others, became conscious of them in all their enormity. Caught in such a snare, there would be no escape for the evil, and no happiness for me, unless I separated myself from it, and left it to its own deserts. Again, if there has been any liability in me to be proud, or easily "puffed up," Providence has put me in circumstances just adapted to snare the morbid tendency, and bring it to the light—the light of truth.

And so it has been with all my passions, and every shred and remnant of my old life. Though the unregenerate portions of my character hide themselves never so cunningly, they are no match for divine subtlety. Sooner or later they are snared by temptations that force them, in

spite of their cunning, to show themselves in their true colors. Brought to the light, and involved with them, I endure pain and suffering for the moment. But what glorious results! The evil in my character cannot bear the light, and if made conscious that there is no dark corner of my heart in which to hide, is forced to flee and leave the Christ within me triumphant.

Let us thank God for all temptations that snare the devil, and bring his works of darkness to the light.

A.

### OCTOBER.

SUMMER's gone away,  
But we will not cry;  
She has left so much behind—  
Such a blue, blue sky;

Such a store of lovely leaves,  
Turning red and yellow;  
Such a wealth of purple grapes,  
And of apples mellow;

Such a lot of ripening nuts—  
Beech-nuts sweet and tiny,  
Butternuts with rough black coats,  
Chestnuts brown and shiny.

All the air seems full of wine,  
Or, the squirrels frisky  
Somersault so in the trees  
That it might be whisky!

Trees begin to wash their boughs  
In the autumn rain;  
And the wood-brooks laugh and sing,  
"We are cool again."

And the pumpkins in the fields  
Smile broad smiles and cry,  
"We are waiting for our turn  
At Thanksgiving-pie."

So sweet Summer, fare you well  
Till another year;  
Jolly Autumn takes your place,—  
Greet him with a cheer.

—Independent.

### THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

#### HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

The crime of feticide has of late received much of just and caustic rebuke. But the blame, with great injustice, has been impliedly attributed to the women alone. The appeal has been to them. The tone of criticism and of accusation has been such as to imply that the men have no responsibility in this guilt. The cartoon of a popular weekly represents the husband as mourning aside in solitude, while the wife, in the gay circle, pointing to shadowy unborn infants, is made to say, "I want no children about me."

But husbands have borne their full share in this crime as accomplices. They too have often been desirous of relief from the prospective burden of the care and support of their own offspring. They too have not been destitute of that pride and of that love for gay life, which seek relief from the so-called incumbrances. They have often conspired in procuring the effective nostrum, or in securing at extravagant cost the disreputable service of the abortionist. They have shared in the culpable ignorance as to the physiological laws of the generative system, which they have transgressed.

Go to the physicians and ask them if the main responsibility for this unnatural crime belongs to the wives. They will tell you that in almost all cases it is a matter of agreement; that, in many, husbands propose and insist upon the destructive process, and that they frequently apply for the needed professional assistance. They will give you facts that will startle you upon this point, facts like these: A worthy young couple are surprised at the prospect of parentage; they are anxious for children in time, but with their present limited income they cannot think of it now; it will also mortify them to come to this relation within the first year of their married life, and so they agree upon the sad alternative. It is effective; but alas! too much so, for to their dismay they find that the power of reproduction itself is destroyed, and along with it that source of domestic happiness. In that and all such cases, the husband is at fault equally with the wife. A

couple have one child, and the prospect for another. The husband behaves himself ungallantly and almost cruelly because the wife will not consent to put away the fruit of her own life. Another wife by the medical process is relieved but she is thereby made a bed-ridden invalid for seven years, and is despoiled for the possibility of maternity, which is a great affliction to both. *And that abortion was procured at the solicitation of the husband.* Many wives who cry with Rachel: "Give me children, or else I die," and with Hannah, "in bitterness of soul," have superadded the bitter panes that this dispensation of barrenness is not only by their own act but by their crime. Your physician may tell you, as one has told me, that he can take you to the cemetery and point out the graves of half a dozen wives who have gone thither by the use of abortion medicines; and that most of these had the connivance of their husbands in the cruel deed. Such are illustrative facts of the complicity of husbands in the prevailing crime. Women have felt and have complained of the injustice of attributing to them all the guilt. Men stand under the same condemnation, and they should not be exculpated.

Husbands assume a large share in this crime of the slaughter of the innocents, by their lack of temperance and self-control. The argument heretofore has gone much as though it was taken for granted that mothers must bear as fast as nature will allow. They must not interfere with the fetal life upon pain of committing a great sin; and yet they are not relieved even by an injunction of moderation upon the other party. In a discussion upon this point before a Minister's Association, this case was mentioned: A delicate lady had borne several children and feared that a repetition would take her life; nothing was left but a resort to pre-natal killing—no intimation was made of any responsibility upon the other side previous to any such contingency. The mass of wives, who are tempted to resort to this crime, would rejoice in maternity if the number could be limited according as their constitution and health and the circumstances of the family would allow. But what is the prospect before a woman who starts with having children as fast as nature allows? Her life is to be a steady drag, from the age of twenty to that of forty-five, with the risk and anxiety as to the loss of her own life greatly increased by this frequency. Even in these days of smaller families it is not infrequent that women bear ten, twelve and sixteen times, though perhaps after this travail of a lifetime, only two or three live to grow up. This is a terrible ordeal to look forward to. Then, to the physical suffering and care must be added the trial of the social isolation attendant, and the fact that while the mother is subjected to this deprivation of society, the father is enjoying it and so making improvement. Is it any wonder then that with such a prospect before her she resorts to an effectual mode of relief, even at the risk of life and of stain upon her moral sense. Then, until lately there has been the palliation of ignorance. Most persons have supposed that early in the fetal existence, there was no harm in interfering with the course of nature. This reprehensible ignorance has prevailed, too, among people who would repel any intimation as to their lack of culture in any other respect. But now, by the partial fidelity of the press and of the pulpit and of the medical fraternity, such ignorance can no longer be winked at, can no longer palliate the wrong done. If their nature and moral sense forbid interference with the initiated life, what relief is there left but in rational self-control?

Upon these points more instruction is needed—not only upon the sin of taking the fetal life, but upon the physiological laws which preside over the normal function of procreation. Let physicians instruct their patrons, and as far as is consistent, the community. Let ministers come to their help. And let all persons who propose to assume the responsibilities of marriage, inform themselves as to these laws of their being, and obey them.—*Advance.*

#### A RELIC OF MONASTICISM.

In many of our oldest colleges we have a singular relic still preserved of the monastic basis on which those English colleges were founded that have furnished the model of ours. The relic to which we allude is the law forbidding marriage to members of the undergraduate course. In the English universities this law is extended even to the fellows of the various colleges. Is there any thing more than monastic prescription for such a rule in the universities of America? Is the marriage of a college student necessarily a crime; or, to put the case in its worst form, is it necessarily a blunder? Will marriage render students less obedient to authority, and more addicted to evil company, late hours, and vicious habits? It is notable that the two largest universities of the West, those of Kentucky and of Michigan, have not trammelled themselves with this wretched heirloom of mediæval monks. Accordingly, we see it announced that in the former of these institutions there are now several married men pursuing their studies with tranquillity and success; and

in the other the presence of a married student is not an uncommon event. A few years ago there were at Ann Arbor two students, bearing the relation toward each other of father and son, both pursuing their studies in the undergraduate classes. The class orator of the present year was a married man and a *pater familiæ*. His oration, which was one of the finest ever heard in his university, was listened to by his wife; and on his departure from the room he was seen carrying his little child in his arms. Such an incident would seem very ludicrous at Princeton, Yale, or Harvard; but is the fault in the incident, or is it in the absurd traditions retained at these old colleges? For our part, we see no sense whatever in this law against college men getting married. We hope to see our American universities filling up with older and more responsible men. And we see no objection whatever to a whole family—father, mother, sisters, brothers—"moving altogether, if it move at all," settling down in a university town, all entering college together, and all going on in company in the high and beautiful fellowship of culture. In the new age, in the redeemed civilization of the future, such things are sure to be. It is never too late to learn; and, if a man and a woman cannot go to college before they are married, let them go afterward. This would do away with the inanity and cheerlessness of many a life.—*Independent.*

#### THE ANGLER-FISH.

Everybody has heard of the "frog that would a-wooing go," but perhaps so many have not heard of the fish that would a-fishing go. Of course we all understand that the big fishes eat up the little ones, and consequently, they have to catch them before they can do it; but that is not what we mean by a fish going a-fishing. Running down the little creatures, and swallowing them at a mouthful, is a very beastly business; there is no art, artifice, or refinement about it. It is a prosy affair of common dietetics. But there is a fish which does the thing artistically, with regular strategy; and the curious thing about it is, that nature has furnished him with a full equipment for the purpose—rod, line, and bait.

The angler-fish is no beauty; he is about a yard long, and has a huge, toad-like head, an enormous gaping mouth, and a formidable array of teeth. The first dorsal, or back fin, is almost wholly wanting, its place being occupied by two or three long, slender, movable spines. These spines are fastened to the body by means of joints. One is attached by a hinge, which permits only of motion backward and forward. The first spine is connected by a regular ring and staple, and admits of movement in all directions, as it is pulled this way or that by the muscles. This is the angler's pole, which continues into a fine filament or line, and at the end there is a loose, shining slip of membrane, which plays the part of a bait.

The angler-fish is a slow swimmer, and would have but little success if it had to chase the swift and active fishes upon which it feeds. So it snares them. Partially hiding itself in the mud or sand, as other anglers conceal themselves in bushes or behind banks, it waves its long filaments with their glittering tips. Fishes, as is well known, are attracted by glistening objects moved about in the water. The neighboring fish, following the instincts of their inquisitive nature, come to examine the curious object and see whether it is eatable, and are suddenly snapped up in the wide jaws of their hidden foe.

The angler-fish is a most voracious creature, and has, on several occasions, been known to seize a fish that had been hooked, and was being drawn to the surface. In one such case, the angler seized on a cod-fish, and held so tightly that it would not loosen its grip until struck on the head with a boat-hook. On another occasion, the fish fell a victim to its overvoracity, for, having dashed at a conger-eel, just hooked, and taken it into its mouth, the eel contrived to escape through one of the gill apertures, and thus was the unconscious means of involving its captor in its own fate. Even the cork-floats on lines and nets have been swallowed by the greedy fish, and, when taken in a net, it devours its fellow-prisoners with perfect unconcern. The flesh of this fish is held in no repute.—*Appletons' Journal.*

**OIL AMONG THE ANCIENTS.**—The ancients knew no method of refining oil. As a great luxury they mixed it with perfume, such as essence of roses and sandal-wood; but this rather detracted from, than added to, the burning properties of the liquid, and all that was obtained by the process was an increase of fragrance and a diminution of light. The dwellings of wealthy men like Verres, Mæcenas and Lucretius, who expended extravagant sums upon scented oils, would not have borne comparison, in point of lighting, with the grimiest tap-room of a gas-lit public house. The gold and silver lamps, hung by slender, well-wrought chains to marble pilasters, only yielded at their best a lurid tapering flame, that gave out an enormous deal of smoke, fluttered in the slightest breeze, and went out altogether at a

gust of wind. Neither was it possible to steady the light by closing the apertures through which the air came: for, had Roman or Grecian houses been possessed of glass windows, they would soon have become uninhabitable. The fresco paintings of Pompeian villas, the delicate colors on the walls of urban palaces, would, in less than a month, have been hopelessly coated with lamp-soot. At the end of an hour's conference of an evening, a party of noble Romans would have resembled a congregation of chimney-sweeps. A tunic dyed in Tyrian purple would have acquired a mourning hue in no time.

—*Scientific American.*

**GIANT POWDER.**—The superiority of giant powder over ordinary black gunpowder for blasting purposes, it is asserted by the California journals, has been proved by actual experiment during the past six months. In the New Almaden mine it was found that to cut a yard of one of the tunnels cost \$65 with black, and \$45.45 with giant powder, showing a saving of 30 per cent. In the Oak and Reese mine, a hundred feet of drifts, that would have cost \$7,500 with black powder, were made under contract for \$4,437.50, a saving of 40 per cent.; and in the Empire mine it was found, on a long and fair trial, that the extraction of a ton of ore cost \$5.39 with the black, and \$2.09 with giant powder, showing a saving of 61 per cent. by the use of the latter.

At another mine it was ascertained that, with giant powder, derricks were no longer needed, in the hydraulic claims, for lifting large boulders, which can now be shattered at one blast into pieces small enough to be carried down through the sluices. This giant powder is reported to be nitro-glycerine, reduced to dryness by combining it with hydrated silica.

—*Boston Jour. of Chemistry.*

**THE ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.**—The origin of combustible volatile and liquid mineral products, such as gas, oil, tar, asphalt, is still an open question. The presence of large beds of anthracite coal lead to the suspicion that oil was derived from the distillation of bituminous coal by volcanic action. Explosions in coal mines indicate that gases can be produced in the beds of coal without the aid of heat; and according as these gases have a vent to escape, or are under heavy pressure, can they remain volatile, or form liquids. Petroleum usually occurs in porous fossiliferous limestones, or in such sandstones as are evidently of marine origin. This has led geologists to look upon petroleum as of animal origin; and recent observations in Egypt have served to sustain this view.

There are in Egypt natural petroleum springs now in actual formation. The coast of this land consists of coral beds. The coral animal grows toward the sea, but dies out on land, leaving a porous lime-rock behind. In the cavities of this rock oil collects, which is derived from the decomposition of the polyp coral, and is collected and used by the inhabitants for many purposes. Vast beds of coral would yield a proportionate supply of oil; and this is now considered by many to satisfactorily account for the oil springs and asphaltum lakes of various parts of the world. They were once coral beds of ancient seas, and the oil is of animal origin.

—*Journal of Applied Chemistry.*

A devoted ritualist was discussing the subject of liturgy with a shrewd old rector, and claimed that the whole Bible furnished no instance of any other than written prayers—"no sir, not a single one, sir." "Do you really think so?" "Yes, sir. I defy you to point to a Scripture prayer that was not written. You cannot do it." "Well, can I ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Tell me, then, who held the candle when Jonah read his prayer in the whale's belly?"

A man on the day he became one hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial, with plenty of hob-nails. The storekeeper suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old man indignantly retorted that he commenced this hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

In future all public clocks throughout Poland are to mark no longer Polish, but St. Petersburg time. An amusing anecdote is reported in connection with this new act of despotism. The Emperor happened, a few days after the promulgation of the decree, to ask one of his aides-de-camp, a Pole, what o'clock it was. The officer, without looking at his watch, replied, "the time that may please your Majesty."

## SCIENTIFIC.

DR. PETERS, of Hamilton College, has discovered another new asteroid, making the number now known 109. This astronomer has discovered eight asteroids before, their names and the dates of their discovery being as follows:

FERONIA, No. 72, May 29, 1861; EURYDICE, No. 75, September 22, 1862; FRIGGA, No. 77, November 12, 1862; IO, No. 85, September 19, 1865; THISBE, No. 88, June 15, 1866; UNDINE, No. 92., July 7, 1867; IANTHE, No. 98, April 18, 1868; MIRIAM, No. 102, August 22, 1868.

A FACTORY has been opened at Norway, Me., for the manufacture of pulp for paper, from poplar wood. The pulp is to be sent to Massachusetts to be manufactured into book covers, etc.

DR. MAGGI, of Verona, proved that a circular plate of very homogeneous soft iron conducts heat with more facility in one direction than in the other when it is magnetized by a powerful electro-magnet; whilst, when it is in the natural state its conductibility is perfectly uniform in all directions.

IT is said that Mr. Maydenbauer, a photographer of Berlin, has succeeded in constructing a simple photogrammetric instrument by which photography can be applied to surveying and the construction of plans and maps.

PROF. ESTRY, of Amherst College, has recently finished a computation of the orbits of Saturn's satellites, a long and difficult work, said not to have been heretofore accomplished.

A GOOD telescope, with a 3½-inch aperture, virtually brings the moon within 1,200 miles of the observer, or within one two-hundredths of its real distance. Lord Rosse's telescope brings it within 42 miles, so that objects 270 feet long are discernible. Baer has calculated that an instrument of ten times the power of Rosse's would be required to bring the moon within a German mile, at which distance the body of a man can be perceived.

CAPTAIN MAURY considers the Gulf Stream equal to a stream 32 miles broad and 1,200 feet deep, flowing at a rate of 5 knots (38,415 feet) an hour. This gives 6,166,700,000 cubic feet per hour as the quantity of water conveyed by this stream. Sir John Herschel's estimate is still greater; he considers it equal to a stream 30 miles broad and 2,200 feet deep, flowing at the rate of 4 miles an hour; this makes the quantity 7,359,900,000,000 cubic feet per hour. Sir John estimates the temperature of the water at 86 deg. Fahr.

## ITEMS.

LORD DERBY is quite ill.

THE French Empress has arrived at Constantinople.

LOPEZ is still in Paraguay, with 2,000 men and 20 cannon.

WASHINGTON proposes to have an International Exhibition in 1871.

THE corner-stone of a college building has been laid at Golden City, Colorado.

OHIO and Pennsylvania have elected republican Governors by small majorities.

THE eldest son of the Viceroy of Egypt is to study at Christ College, Oxford.

CHARLES AUGUSTINE SAINTE-BEUVE, an eminent French scholar and critic, is dead.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has two colored students from Hayti, and one from Bath, N. Y.

UTICA has a canal bridge in such shape that people can easily walk off into the canal, and drown. (?)

ONE million six hundred thousand muskrat skins were one item in the St. Paul fur trade last year.

THE Pacific railroads are now carrying emigrants to California for \$70 from Philadelphia, or \$42 from Omaha.

FATHER HYACINTHE has sailed for the United States, and expects to spend two months in this country.

A COMPANY of Mormon emigrants numbering 850,

mostly from England, recently arrived at Omaha, en route for Utah.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT has been very sick, but at last accounts is reported easier, and hopes of his recovery are still entertained.

THE official regulations for the navigation of the Suez canal are published. It is, however, feared that the canal will have to be deepened before it can be of any practical use.

JUDGE SAWYER, of the District court in San Francisco, Cal., has decided that Chinese testimony is admissible against white men under the fourteenth amendment of the Federal constitution.

ENGLAND leads off in giving the elective franchise to women. A clause of a bill passed at the late session of Parliament confers on women possessing the same qualifications as men, the right of voting for town mayors, councilmen, and all other municipal officers.

HORACE GREELEY and Prof. Perry have been having a public discussion at Boston on the question of protection and free trade. The American Free Trade League of New York offer to furnish speakers on free trade without expense to any place which will provide a hall and an audience.

ACCORDING to the *Texas Farmer*, agriculture is making rapid advances in that State. Two years ago there were scarcely any agricultural Societies in Texas; now there are some forty organized, and others in process of formation. Improved farming implements are being introduced, embracing even the steam-plow.

DR. C. F. HALL, the Arctic explorer, will deliver a series of lectures throughout the country the present year, his intention being to raise a fund sufficient to equip another expedition to the Arctic region. He proposes to spend five years, if necessary, on his next voyage, and is determined this time to find out all about the Polar Sea.

A FAULT has been discovered in the French cable at a point 800 miles from St. Pierre, and 1,000 miles from France, which, though not at present sufficient to prevent its working, is constantly growing worse, and will ultimately require the cable to be underrun all the way from one coast or the other to the spot where the fault exists. This costly task is to be undertaken next summer.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. BELKNAP, of Keokuk, Iowa, has been appointed Secretary of War. He is a graduate of Princeton College, and served in the army through the war, commanding one division of the 15th army corps in Gen. Sherman's last two campaigns, with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his superior officer. He is about 38 years of age, in excellent health, and a lawyer by profession.

THE Mormons of Utah have prepared another memorial to Congress, asking to have Utah admitted into the union as a state. The memorialists complain of neglect of former petitions, and of the practice of the government in appointing officers from distant states, who are unacquainted with the necessities of the people. They say that the population of Utah is now one hundred and fifty thousand, and they are anxious for self-government.

THE hearing in the case of the privateer Hornet, (now the Cuba), was opened at Wilmington on the 11th inst. Her commander, Commodore Higgins, protested in the name and for the honor of Cuba against any detention or interference with his ship, and affirmed that she was fitted out and armed upon the high seas, and beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. In order to allow the government time to produce witnesses, the case was continued until Saturday last.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. W., Liverpool.—Your article from the *Family Herald* was received, and an extract published therefrom in the CIRCULAR of Sept. 6. Your two recent letters have also been received. Can you send us the copy of the *Examiner* you refer to?

M. A. S., Mass.—The book you sent was received; and will be returned as requested.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS:

## THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 664 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

## WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 86 Business, Manufactures.

## WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

## ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

## STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rat, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

## WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, *Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.*

## MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works); also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

## MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, Conn.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
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## PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, cart de visite size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, *Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.*

## PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$8.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

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